

THE INDIAN MEDICINE SHOW.

THE POPULACE IS PRIVILEGED TO STEP UP AND BUY AT ANY TIME.



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Cartoons and Comments

DON'T PUT HIM OUT!

WHEN YOU come to think it over, a political speaker has a pretty easy time in this country. He says what he wants to say from the platform, makes what statements he likes about the other side, ignores any phase of his own case that is n't helped much by publicity, and relies upon humble adherents in the crowd to cry, "Put Him Out!" should any argumentative citizen break into his speech with awkward questions. All a public man need do to win a reputation for extreme magnanimity and mercy is to check with raised hand the cries of "Put Him Out!" and to say, as Col. ROOSEVELT said the other night, when several policemen started to eject a mortal who had dared to ask a question, "No, no, give him a chance." It was said that the Colonel "grew red in the face" and "did not seem to relish the interruption," but he controlled himself and let the questioner proceed. And that was the only interruption of the evening. We wonder how our political speakers would like it if they were to be handled by the crowd as the speakers in the last campaign in Great Britain were handled. Plenty of partisan feeling, but no cries of "Put Him Out!" and no too-zealous police

whenever an obviously sober citizen asked an intelligent, albeit hostile, question of the speaker. The speaker was on the platform to face the music, and it was n't up to *him* to say which issues of the campaign he should dwell on and which he should ignore. It was up to the audience. When the speaker answered a question

from the crowd, he did n't do it as a mag-nanimous favor, holding in check the while the minions of the law. He answered it because that was what he was there for, and his value to his party as a speaker depended on his ability to answer just such questions, hot off the grid-dle. Let us get a little of that sort of thing in this free land. Let us get it out of our heads that the man who asks Col. ROOSEVELT, or Mr. BRYAN, or Judge PARKER a question at a public meeting is necessarily drunk and disorderly.

A PROHIBITIONIST is as sensitive to increased taxes as any other citizen. Communities which go "dry" abolish the saloon and substitute the "blind tiger." The saloon pays a license fee to the public treasury. The "blind tiger" pays a protection fee to the police. Of two evils, choose the lesser. By abolishing the lesser, you get the greater — with added tax burdens, as in Indiana.



NO NEW RULES IN THIS GAME.

REFEREE SAM.—Next Tuesday I'll pull 'em apart and see which side's got the ball!

IN THE FUTURE.



WITH the demand for something new there 's no telling what we 'll do—we 'll build connections with the stars and dine with denizens of Mars, and then we 'll take the nearest 'bus and look for folks on Uranus; we 'll learn to vivisection the soul and build a railroad to the Pole; we 'll climb the mountains in the moon and go by air-ship to Rangoon; some clever fellow will invent a new way of escaping rent; gold coins will sprout from out the land and radium grow as cheap as sand; planked shad and terrapin and such won't cost a fellow very much, and autos will be cheap as tea, champagne as cheap as chicory; some new religion we 'll unfold and from sea water gather gold; we 'll find a universal tongue and make a way of growing young; but oh! in spite of progress made, I'm bound to say I'm much afraid that lots of people will decide to weep and die unsatisfied!

With the demand for something new there is no telling what we 'll do—we 'll learn the ways of ghosts and spooks; most books will be best-selling books; some genius will get in his licks and prove that two and two make six; we 'll learn a way by sure degrees of growing grapes on apple-trees; someone will show with much of art just how to live without a heart; we 'll ride the seas in trolley-cars and all the actors will be stars; we 'll build great guns to shoot right through from here to Burmah or Peru; what 's black we 'll show is surely white, and what is day we 'll prove is night; the ladies—bless them!—all will do the million things they 're anxious to; and yet, in spite of all the things of which this cheerful bardling sings, a world of folks will be o'er quick to kick and kick and kick and kick!

Nathan M. Levy.

EXACTLY.

CRAWFORD.—Does your wife prepare you better dinners since she's taken up the cooking fad?

CRABSHAW.—I can't say she does. It seems to be a case of out of the frying-pan into the chafing-dish.



ENDLESS.

"THE TONGUE CAN NO MAN TAME; IT IS AN UNRULY EVIL."

AS TO COLDS.

WONDERS never cease, and that being so, the world will be in a sense prepared to hear that colds have been, or are about to be, abolished. But it is not to say that no misgivings will be entertained. Where, for instance, will the new order leave the girl who is asked to sing in an amateur way? On what plea shall she refuse? And if she acquiesces, to what shall she attribute her wretched performance?

Not that she ever need have a cold in order to take refuge, in a matter of speaking, behind it—of course not; but nevertheless a cold had to be, as it were, available. No girl will think of pretending to have that which is notoriously no longer to be had, howsoever far she may heretofore have carried the pretense of having that which she had not.

"Art is long and life is short!" complains the poet. How will the discrepancy be affected by having colds done away with? Will life be longer, or art shorter, or both, or neither?



NOT IN THE LIMELIGHT.

CAPTAIN.—Coward, will you run? Remember, your country is watching you!

PRIVATE.—Y-y-y-es, but my country can't see a — of a lot through this smoke!

PUCK



THE PLAY'S THE THING.

ACTYN BARNES (*about to drive*).—By Jove, Mac! This game takes all the sting out of walking home!
MACBOOTH RANTINGTON.—Hoot, mon! Bet you the drinks we make the next water-tank in ninety-eight!

THE TWICE-A-MONTH MAGS.



ALK about watering stock as a serious
Peril confronting the nation anew;
Talk about foods thinned with dope deleterious—
Talk about milk that is mingled with dew!
All of those things 'll be models of purity
Long e'er the century reaches its 'teens.
Li'ry dilution 's the fake of futurity:
Witness the new twice-a-month magazines.

We had supposed that each bright periodical
Long ago ventured as far as it dared,
Padding up skits into novels methodical,
Passing off puppies for poets long-haired.
We had supposed that those tales conversational
Could n't be thinner in wit than they
were.

Ah! We were wrong! Let us hymn an
ovational
Song to the bi-monthly littérateur!

'T would have been *easy* to better the fictional
Froth and the funny old-maiden-made verse;
But 't was a triumph, a miracle dictional
Thus to be able to make the stuff *worse*!
Let us all hope that when Ted 's again ruling us
He'll not insist upon pure food for *thought*;
What if the mags were belabeled for fooling us:—
"Serial 6, ninety-nine per cent. rot"?

Chester Firkins.

FRATERNITY.

"WELL, sir!" shrieked the irate business man, "Well, sir,
I don't know what prevents me from laying you across
my knee and giving you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life!"
"What's up, Guv'nor!" demanded the fourteen-year-old calmly,
at the same time spreading his coat so as to exhibit the glitter of
his new Gobba Lobba Pi high-school frat pin.
"What's up! Didn't I tell you, sir, that Mr. Oscarheimer
was a man whose friendship I valued? Didn't I tell you that he
might buy this estate if he liked it? Didn't I tell you that I wanted

to sell it, and when I was called away on business did n't I tell you
to take charge of Mr. Oscarheimer?"

"Yes, Guv'nor, but you said —"

"And as soon as I was gone did n't you lock him in his bed-
room and get the coachman and the chauffeur and the gardener, and
blindfold Mr. Oscarheimer and tie his hands behind his back and
then —"

"But you told me —"

"And then did n't you throw him into a tub of water, and
afterward lower him down head first from the cupola of the barn?
Yes, you young cub, and then did n't you pretty nearly turn his
hair white by pretending that the rope was going to break—
did n't you? Did n't you put what you called the Esoteric Sign
over his heart with a red-hot iron—"

"It was just a piece of ice,
Guv'nor. But look here, you
said that —"

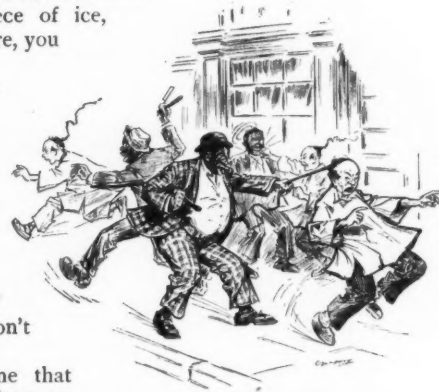
"And then did n't
you wind up by
making a certain
portion of his body
tingle with what you were
pleased to term the Sac-
cred Tingle? Did n't
you do all that?"

"Sure I did, Guv'nor,
but it was only because —"

"Because what, sir? Don't
prevaricate!"

"Because you told me that
you wanted Mr. Oscarheimer to
feel that he was one of us, and
you wanted me to do my best with
him and give him a 'thorough initiation' into the place. Yes,
Guv'nor, that's just what you said—and I did!"

H. W.



A RIOT OF COLOR.

A GOOD LOSER.

RILEY.—How about that gold mine you bought stock in last year?
SMILEY.—Why, we've called it "The Bulldog." It's the
bravest little mine you ever heard of.

RILEY (*puzzled*).—Bravest?

SMILEY.—Sure! There is n't a yellow streak anywhere in it!

REAL GENTLEMANLY.

CARR.—That fellow, Motorton, is a pretty decent sort, is n't he?
CHUGLEY.—One in a thousand! Why, he never allows his
victims to wait for an ambulance—always utilizes his own car.



POLITICS MAKES STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

VISITOR (*to Her Honor the Mayor*).—I hear yer gona give a racket
up atcher home on the avenoo. Now, I carry the vote of the Ninth Ward
in muh handbag. Do I get a bid for me an' muh steady, or don't I?

Maybe all men are liars, but some reticence in regard to your views on the
subject is often wise.

PUCK

SHE MEANT IT.

Ho, you are *not* going to have any of that popcorn, Harold! You have been simply *stuffing* ever since we came on to the car and you will be sick if you don't stop it! First it was candy and then it was chocolate and then an orange and then peanuts and a banana and some macaroons and then some gumdrops, and now you think I am going to be foolish enough to buy you a bag of popcorn! I am *not*, for . . . I don't care if other boys on the car *are* buying popcorn! I don't suppose that they have been stuffing as you have for fifty miles and . . .



SLOW.

INNKEEPER.—Going to make an early start to see the glacier to-day, I see. Do you know, it moves at the rate of only one foot an hour?

TOURIST.—Yes; but my wife is so slow getting ready that I'm afraid we'll miss it after all!

now . . . Nonsense! How can you be hungry? It is impossible that you should be hungry, and if you don't stop eating you will make yourself sick and then what kind of a time can you have in New York? I never . . . Stop that whining this minute! I have told you three times that you could n't have any popcorn, and you know that when I say a thing I mean it and . . . You sure you won't ask me to buy you anything else between here and New York? It won't do you a bit of good if you do, for when I say I won't do a thing I simply don't do it and . . . Here, Mr. Popcorn Man, I will take one bag. Now you eat it slowly, Harold, and be sure and chew it well and don't swallow any of the hard kernels and remember that I am not going to buy you another thing between here and New York. When mamma says a thing she means it, as you very well know!

Max Merryman.

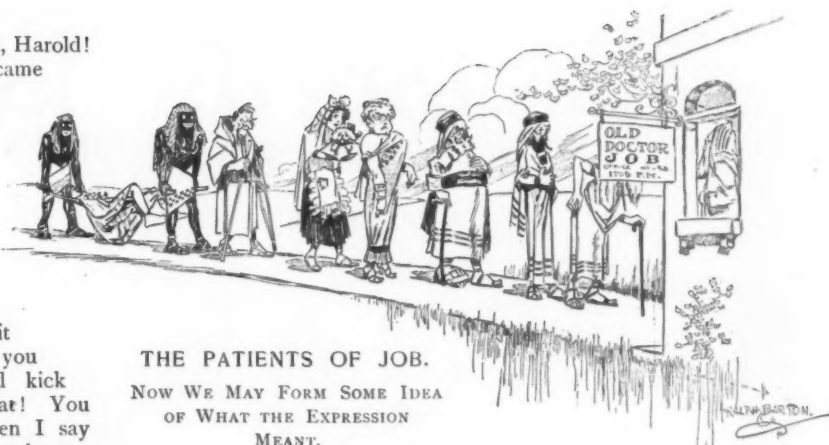
NOTHING would give us greater pleasure than to dash through the air in a flying-machine at an altitude of about six inches.

Now, Harold, it is of no use for you to squirm and kick and act like that! You know that when I say that you cannot have a thing that ends it and that it is quite useless to talk to me about it! I have told you that . . . Harold! The idea of a boy acting like that before a whole car full of people! How in the world you can want popcorn or anything else after all you have eaten since . . . what? If I buy you the popcorn you won't ask for anything else until we get to New York? Now are you sure you won't? You had n't ought to eat another morsel of anything and I told you when I got you that orange that it was the last thing you should eat until we got to New York, and here you have had gumdrops and a banana and a sandwich since then, and



SLUMMING UPTOWN.

JENNIE (from Rivington Street).—Yes, Rosie—dem's de guys wot's allers gittin' divorces an' D. T.'s an' dope an' dago opera singers. Ain't it awful? Wot?



THE PATIENTS OF JOB.

NOW WE MAY FORM SOME IDEA OF WHAT THE EXPRESSION MEANT.

FARMER AND HORSE.

BEFORE the Horse is awake the Farmer gets up, and he retires only after the Horse is bedded.

The Farmer gives the Horse a daily massage: the Horse does n't massage the Farmer.

The Horse eats leisurely, and eats only the food that suits him best: the Farmer can't afford such luxurious habits.

The Horse does n't drink when he is hot and tired. If the Farmer did n't drink when he was hot and tired he would n't drink at all.

When a Horse gets old his load is lightened. As the Farmer grows old the mortgage grows heavier.

If you work a Horse to death somebody's liable to have the law on you, but when it comes to working Farmers to death—well, there's no closed season for Farmers.

If a Horse dies you have to pay about a hundred dollars to get another. If a Farmer dies two twenty-five-cent ads. will bring you a couple of dozen men looking for the job.

Still, in one way the Farmer has it on the Horse. When the Farmer votes he has sense enough to vote to keep things as they are. On the contrary, if the Horse voted, probably his

Horse-sense would insist on a radical change—a change which would doubtless disturb many of the great and good men whom God has made stage-managers of our present civilization.

Horatio Winslow.

UP TO DATE.

PARENT.—Is my son very progressive, do you think?

TEACHER.—Great Scott, yes! He's the worst insurgent in the whole school.

PREFERENCE.

THESE jokes about the sudden rich are funny, to be sure, But I'd rather be a sudden rich than be a sudden poor!

FINANCIAL.

KNICKER.—Are you cutting down expenses?

MRS. KNICKER.—Yes; I am paying only half the bills.



"THE HAND THAT FEEDS HIM."

The Story of El Gin the Eunuch

Or, the Caliph Awakened.



IT IS related that the Caliph Harun Alrashid was troubled one night with an exceeding restlessness, in consequence of which he summoned his Vizier, Giafar the Barmecide, and said unto him: "My bosom is contracted on account of diplomatic complications with the infidel Powers. I desire this night therefore to amuse ourselves in the streets of Bagdad and to observe the employments of the people, but disguised in the garb of merchants, so that no one may know us." And the Vizier replied: "I hear and obey." They arose immediately, and having pulled off the magnificent apparel in which they were clad, put on the attire of merchants. And they were all there: the Caliph, Giafar, and Mesrour the Executioner.

And Harun Alrashid said to Giafar: "By the beard of the Prophet, I am unable to comprehend the want of enlightenment of the infidel foreign nations with whom I have established treaties." And Giafar said: "The generosity of the Prince of the Faithful toward the ignorant deserves to be extolled by poets of silver speech." He answered: "It is true. For as yet they are of weak minds, unable to appreciate my power and glory, but intent upon their own rivalries, and deeming themselves superior to true believers."

They walked from place to place until they came to the banks of the Tigris, and there they met with two young men in the apparel of foreigners, their garments open to the breeze, disputing one with the other. Beholding the Caliph, Giafar, and Mesrour, they said: "Draw near to us, O merchants, and resolve the contention between us." And the Caliph said: "What is the subject of your dispute?" The youth with the comely countenance replied: "Of a truth, O my master, we cannot agree whether the city of Kabul should be the property of the lord of my country, or of the lord of his."

And the Caliph said: "Acquaint me with the names of the lords of your countries, that I may pass judgment with understanding." The youth replied: "I am an Englishman, and I am called El Gin, and he is a Russian, named Abou Sky; we are in the service of the Ambassadors of our respective countries." Now, when the Caliph heard this he said: "By Allah, O blue-eyed one! Ye are both excusable in this matter, since the Emir of Afghanistan, whom may Allah preserve, is lord of the city of Kabul, and the lords of your countries have no part therein. Therefore it is impossible to decide between you." And the youth laughed in return and exclaimed: "Well said!" But Abou Sky was displeased and said: "Of a verity, there is no sense or understanding among the merchants." And calling a boatman he proceeded upon his way across the Tigris.

But El Gin exclaimed: "We are well rid of him!" And laying hold upon the Caliph he said: "O my master, hast thou any desire for a repast and beverage? Come!" And Alrashid complied with his request, saying: "Conduct us," El Gin wotting not who was his guest. The Caliph proceeded with him until they arrived at El Gin's house, where a dish of roast goose was laid before him and a cake of fine bread. And when they were satisfied the Caliph said to himself: "By Allah! This is certainly a favorable opportunity for putting into effect my intentions toward the infidels. I observe that this youth is of a respectful and modest demeanor, and has been blessed by Allah with a good understanding. He shall therefore be a witness of the magnificence of my household, and moreover comprehend the power of my domain." So, without El Gin being aware of it, he put into a cup a lozenge

of bhāng and

handed it to him,

and as soon as it had settled in his stomach he fell into a deep sleep immediately. Alrashid then arose and ordered El Gin to be conveyed to the palace. Then he called for his Vizier and chief attendants, and said to them: "In the morning ye will behold this young man seated on the royal couch, and I require of you that ye salute him as Prince of the Faithful and perform all things as he commandeth." Then going in to his female slaves he desired them also to address El Gin as Caliph.

Accordingly, when El Gin awoke, he saw servants and slaves and attendants around him, kissing the ground. Looking about him he beheld a royal pavilion, sumptuously furnished. And being perplexed he said to himself: "Lo! I have journeyed home, and am in London at the Hummums. Yet I know not where I passed the night." And he closed his eyes. Then a eunuch said: "What will my lord the Caliph require for the morning meal?" And

El Gin answered: "Slave, go fetch me a deviled kidney and a brandy-and-soda." Now, at the mention of

these refectations the eunuch was cast into perplexity and his countenance expressed irresolution. Whereat El Gin was angry, and said within himself: "Into what place am I come?" And raising his head he beckoned unto one of the female slaves, who answered: "At thy command, O Prince of the Faithful!" And he said to her: "What is thy name?" She replied: "Cluster of Pearls." And he said to her: "Nay, is not thy name Nelly Devereux, and have I not seen thee at the Empire?" And she answered: "Surely my lord is mocking me, for I have constantly resided in my lord's palace since I was a child." Whereupon,

greatly marveling, El Gin said: "Canst thou tell me who I am?" And she replied, kissing the ground: "Thou art the Prince of the Faithful." He said: "Of a truth, my reason hath departed, or else the stranger with whom I feasted last night hath hypnotized me. I imagine that he is an enchanter."

Hearing these words, Alrashid, who was observing him from a place where he could not be seen, gave himself up to mirth. The female slaves now advanced and presented El Gin with a basin of gold and a laver of silver, that he might perform the ablution; but he, looking upon them with sternness, said: "I require a tub, and ye bring me these toys!" And beckoning to one of the eunuchs he desired to be led to the bath. He disported therein, plunging and diving and swimming like a sea-horse, so that they wondered greatly. And when he had performed the ablution they spread for him a prayer-carpet; but he, not knowing its use, stood thereon to dry himself. Then calling to him a eunuch he said: "Fetch me now a clean shirt and those deviled kidneys, and see that ye haste about it."

But they brought him a magnificent dress, adorned with jewels to the value of fifty thousand pieces of gold, and he, looking at it, said: "I require you to inform me of what use is this thing, and how do you put it on?" And Alrashid, hearing this in his place of concealment, laughed so vigorously that he fell over backward. The eunuch replied to El Gin: "Of a surety my lord is mocking." And El Gin said: "Doth it go on over the head or is it pulled on over the legs?" And he asked again concerning the deviled kidneys. The eunuch, having assisted him to put on the dress, said: "Will the



"I require a tub, and ye bring me these toys."

PUCK

Prince of the Faithful partake of the repast?" And El Gin said: "Am I the Prince of the Faithful?" The eunuch replied: "O King of the Ages, thou art." And he said: "Thou liest. But perchance it may be that I am dreaming, and I order thee to strike me in the breast." The eunuch groveled before him and said: "Shall I disobey the dispenser of justice?" And he said: "Strike!" Thereupon the eunuch struck him, and they looked to see him fall down. But he said: "Canst thou strike no harder than that?"

Then they led him into the eating-chamber, where the attendants placed before him a table of rich viands; and the slave-girls, high-bosomed virgins, stood behind his head. And they waited upon him with alacrity, for he was a youth endowed with justness of stature and form, and of a fearless brow. Looking at one of the slave-girls he asked her name, and she answered: "Branch of Willow."

And he ordered them to pour him a cup of wine and perform before him a skirt-dance.

And while he was thus engaged there came to him, pursuant to the orders of the Caliph, one of the mamlouks, who said to him: "O Prince of the Faithful, the Chamberlain and the officers of state are at the door, requesting permission to enter." So he repaired to the royal couch, and they entered, and having kissed the ground before him said: "Peace be upon thee, O Prince of the Faithful." And they ranged themselves in order about him, Giafar, the Vizier, and the Chamberlain, and Abdallah, the son of Tafr, and the chiefs of the mamlouks. Now, when El Gin beheld them kissing the ground and saluting him he said within himself: "Lo! I have become subject to an enchantment, nor shall I be regarded as a lover of truth if I report these things at the British Legation. Peradventure I have been singled out to experience this adventure for some high purpose whereof I am ignorant." And he said aloud: "For what purpose do ye seek my presence?"

And Giafar the Barmecide, prostrating himself, replied: "O King of kings of the earth, it is the hour when the Prince of the Faithful dispenses justice." And El Gin said: "Since ye are subject to my orders, I require you in all things to carry out my commands." And they answered: "We hear and obey."

And he said to them: "Observe me strictly: Go now to the judges and the Reis-el-sittein and the sheikhs and the officers of the guard, and acquaint

them that by virtue of the authority in me vested I have ceded the city of Bagdad and the cities of Teheran and Ispahan, and the land of Persia, its people and its wealth, to the crown of England, and order the Imams of the mosques instantly to proclaim George V., King of England, to be Emperor of

Persia, under whom I hereby take possession as Lord Lieutenant. And bid the syndics of the

merchants to seal up their goods until tax-collectors be appointed to receive the revenues in the name of the crown of England. Furthermore, let all Russians be banished from the land and their possessions confiscated. And, moreover, let orders be sent to the generals of the troops, even to the most distant parts of the empire, to mass their forces over against the confines of Afghanistan that

so soon as messengers can reach Peshawur a movement may be made in concert with the forces in India upon Kandahar and the Pamian plateau whence these dogs must be driven. And above all things fetch me hither the drink that the infidels brew from hops."

Now, when Alrashid overheard these words of command from his place of concealment he was angered at the presumption of the youth, and rising in haste he entered the apartment in order to strike El Gin dumb with the splendor of his person. But at the same moment a loud and alarming noise was heard

at the door of the pavilion, and the curtains thereof were rent asunder.

And they beheld, forcing his way past the eunuchs and the mamlouks, Abou Sky, whose countenance was inflamed with anger. And he cried aloud: "O ill-omened Caliph!"

And Giafar said unto him: "Vile wretch, who art thou?" And he replied: "Of a verity, ye shall suffer for this insult ye have offered to Holy Russia and to the Czar, my master. I am informed that ye have taken this dog of an Englishman to your bosoms, and have been familiar with him, and have played a jest upon him, to the exclusion of myself, who am his equal in dignity, being an attaché of the Russian Legation. Be assured that this is a grievous diplomatic offense and a piece of favoritism, and will cause wrath in the councils of St. Petersburg. O ill-visaged Barmecide, ye have made a sport of him as though he were one of your own people, and doubtless ye are intending to defy Russian influence. I require that you lead me at once to the Caliph!"

Now, when the Caliph beheld this intrusion of Abou Sky, and heard his words, his bosom contracted, and the vein between his eyebrows swelled, and he said: "By Allah, since the coming of these accursed foreigners there is no more fun in Bagdad." And it did not relieve his spirits that El Gin had arisen and was beating Abou Sky with his hands. And he gave orders to put them to death.

But Giafar prostrated himself and said: "O Prince of the Faithful, perhaps it were better not." Harun Alrashid replied: "Thou sayest." He therefore gave directions to separate them, to offer them cups of wine, and to place therein lozenges of bhang, and when these had settled on their stomachs to carry them forth and deposit them by the Tigris.

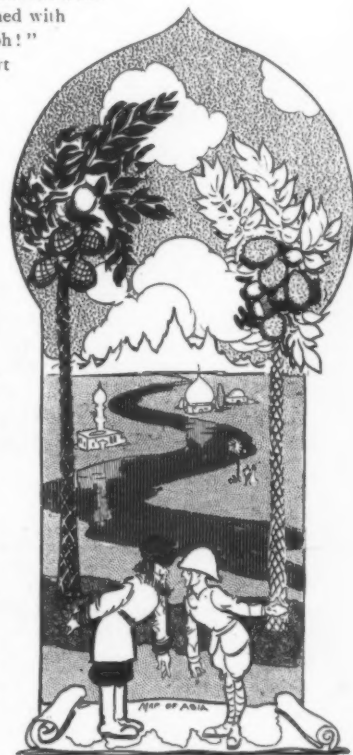
Thomas Wharton.



"By Allah, since the coming of these accursed foreigners there is no more fun in Bagdad!"



And he ordered them to perform before him a skirt-dance.





THE PUCK PRESS

GET AFTER THE SUBSTANCE,

"Whatever of wrong there is, is not the fault of the Corporation, but of the offense there should be punishment."—ALTON B. PARKER.



SUBSTANCE, NOT THE SHADOW.

corporation, but of the officials in charge of it. And for the individual committing the

THE DECLINE OF KINGING.



THE other day the business manager of a European nation was looking over the expense account. He discovered that there was a man on the payroll—a whole family, in fact—that had n't done a stroke of work since they came into the plant. The next day the grafter was fired.

The name of the fellow who was given the pink slip was Manoel—Manoel something or other. Most of these hereditary loafers have only one name, and they can't sign that anywhere near as well as the writing teacher at the evening business college. Anyway, Manoel is gone. There is nothing to prevent him, of course, from learning a good trade and working right up from the bottom of the ladder just as if nothing had happened, provided he pays his union dues and votes a straight labor ticket. He is a young man, and I hope he will get along.

The sad part of it is that this young man was not conscious of the fact that he was taking money under false pretenses. He had been led to believe that his part in life was to look wise and nod his head sagaciously when the prime minister proposed that they touch the laboring population for a few silver tokens; to be right on hand when the dinner-gong sounded; to put on a new suit every day and let the people know when it was time to change their under-flannels; and to furnish the photographers with some nice new pictures to go with the article "Who Is the Handsomest King in the World" in the colored supplement of Mr. Hearst's Sunday newspapers.

This was the sum total of the malfasance of Manoel: That he was trying to hold down his job when he ought to have known, long ago, that there was n't any job there. Manny is n't the only one who is suffering under that delusion. Reader: Stop, think, and listen! Remember the fate of the young king of Portugal, and make a noise when the boss comes around.

The reason that the little house which the Manoel family once occupied is now for rent is that as a business kinging is on the swift decline. There was a time when every country had to have one of these things. It was just as indispensable as a flag, a button-hook, or a Fourth-of-July oration. It was the inspiration of song, of story, of warriors, of the tourist agencies, and of almost everything else. Toasts could not be drunk without it. They can now. The workmen can gather over their steins, shout "To Our Wages" in a lusty voice, and drink 'er down. But formerly they had to shout "To the King," or the liquor wouldn't have tasted good. Once a

Among the White Lights.



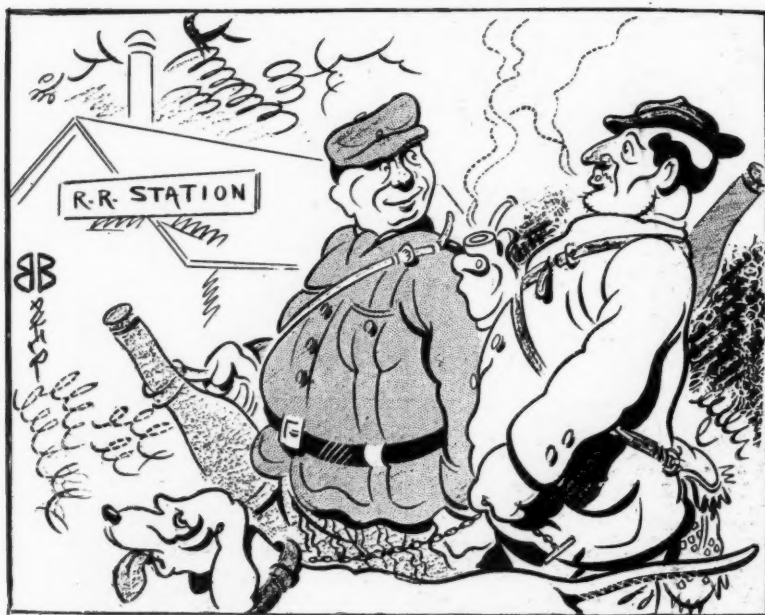
III.—ALLA NAZIMOVA IN "HEDDA GABLER."

story would n't have been accepted if it did n't have a king in it to lead his soldiers right up to the battle—leave them there, and return to the palace and get the results by special delivery. Is that necessary now? Bless you, the six rapidest sellers this week do not even breathe the name of royalty—not of real royalty. Of course, a romance about the young American who becomes King of Dipso-mania will yet remain upright and take nourishment.

And once—and now we get right down to the brass tacks of it—a king could borrow money to carry on his wars, or pay his losses at auction pinochle, or build a new cupola on the cathedral, or put in the winter's supply of coal. Not now. The rude, unsoldierly people who have garnered in the coin of the realm slip their wallets 'way down in their trousers' pockets when the king comes along, and declare that they just deposited every cent except the week's carfare and enough to buy a paper of tobacco. The only divine right left to the average king is the right to sit on a throne. Not a miserable subject who does not get the evening paper before the king, who does not see the latest moving-picture film before he does, and who does not have a few dollars more in the toe of his stocking.

I tell you what, friends, this is no time to bring a boy up as a king. I have a little youngster myself, but rather than see him grow up with the possibility of heading a royal family of expert rulers I would joyously start him on the road to sell subscription sets of J. B. Doddard's Lectures in the Polack section of Pittsburgh. A few more years and a king—a salaried king—will be only a memory, treasured by the indiscreet persons who did his laundering on credit in 1910. If this is progress, make the most of it. But don't let them tell you that poor young Manoel was separated from his envelope because of a Parisian actress, or because the foreman did n't like his looks, or for any other reason that has been offered. The thin flooring that existed between the throne-room and the cellar rotted long, long ago, and at the fatal moment it happened to be Manoel who was living upstairs. Hence these few tears.

Freeman Tilden.



NO SPORT AT ALL

CITY SPORTSMAN (disgustedly).—I'm sick of this deer-hunting game! The last buck I shot at, I had to drag the guide eight miles to get him to camp.

When you lay something by for a rainy day be sure to get a rain-check.



Election—

— the growing majorities for Colgate's Barbers' Shaving-Powder are due to the fact that each voter is given his own individual soap, his own personal lather for his own private shave.

You enjoy the comfort of your soft, smooth shave, at the same time that you are protected by the safety lather of the most sanitary beard-softener known to modern shaving.

COLGATE'S BARBERS' SHAVING-POWDER

is always shaken fresh and clean from its dust-proof box. No soap that has touched brush or skin is ever used again. No lathering in a dusty cup is necessary or any mussy rubbing in the lather with the fingers. And if a cup is used (to wet the brush) it can be washed out completely. Moreover, the antiseptic efficiency of Colgate's Shaving lather is guaranteed by chemists' analyses.

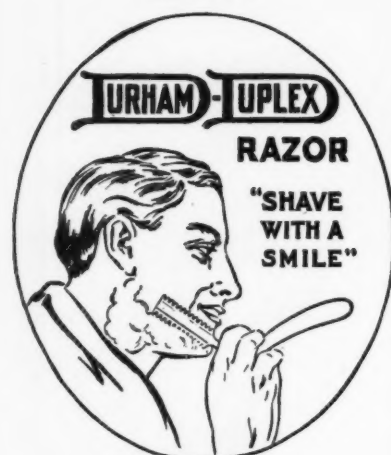
Your turn in the chair not only passes more pleasantly, but it comes sooner and goes quicker, because Colgate's Barbers' Shaving-Powder is as quick as it is clean. It combines with the water as soon as it touches the bristles, and starts softening the beard the instant the brush touches the skin.

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All Yours 25c.
for

Don't Delay—Send TO-DAY!
National Sportsman, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

JUST STRUCK ONE.

One night a footpad accosted an athlete.

"What time is it?" inquired the footpad.

The athlete dealt the crook a hard punch on the jaw.

"Just struck one," said the athlete, as the footpad went down before his stinging blow.

"Gee," said the crook, as myriads of stars were clouding his vision, "I'm glad I did n't meet you an hour ago."
—*National Monthly.*

IDEALS vary with age somewhat. We recall the time when, as a boy, we regarded a farmhand who could wiggle his ears and crack his fingers as about the most accomplished gent of our acquaintance.—*Atchison Globe.*

Shine'on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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taste, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

"You see, you have not put me out in accepting the shelter of my umbrella. Where there is room for one, there is always room for two."—*Le Rire.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST

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For goodness sake use Pears'.

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OUT TO-DAY!

ACTOR.—There's something lacking in this garden scene. There should be vegetables around.

STAGE-MANAGER.—Oh, the audience will supply the vegetables when they see you act.—*Boston Transcript.*

"How was your vacation, Johnnie?"

"Bully! Fell off a shed, 'most got drowned, tipped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, Jim Spindles licked me twice, an' I got two stone bruises an' a stiff neck!"—*Plain Dealer.*

RIVAL BELLES.

"Get a bulldog, dear," advised the first summer girl. "Your style of beauty requires a foil."

"I don't think a bulldog would offer sufficient contrast for you, love," retorted the second summer girl. "What you need is a pet alligator."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"You don't seem to know your way," ventured the officer to the civilian whom he had seen three times in half an hour.

"Oh yes," replied the other. "I'm imitating a cab driving a stranger to his destination."—*Buffalo Express*.



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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
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Sole Agents for United States.

HIS CHOICE.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser-millionaire, "I can cure you."

"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."—*Lippincott's*.

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.

Jim, very pale and shaky, stopped at the butcher's one morning and said:

"Give me a small piece of raw beef for a black eye, please."

"Who's got a black eye, Jim?" asked the butcher curiously.

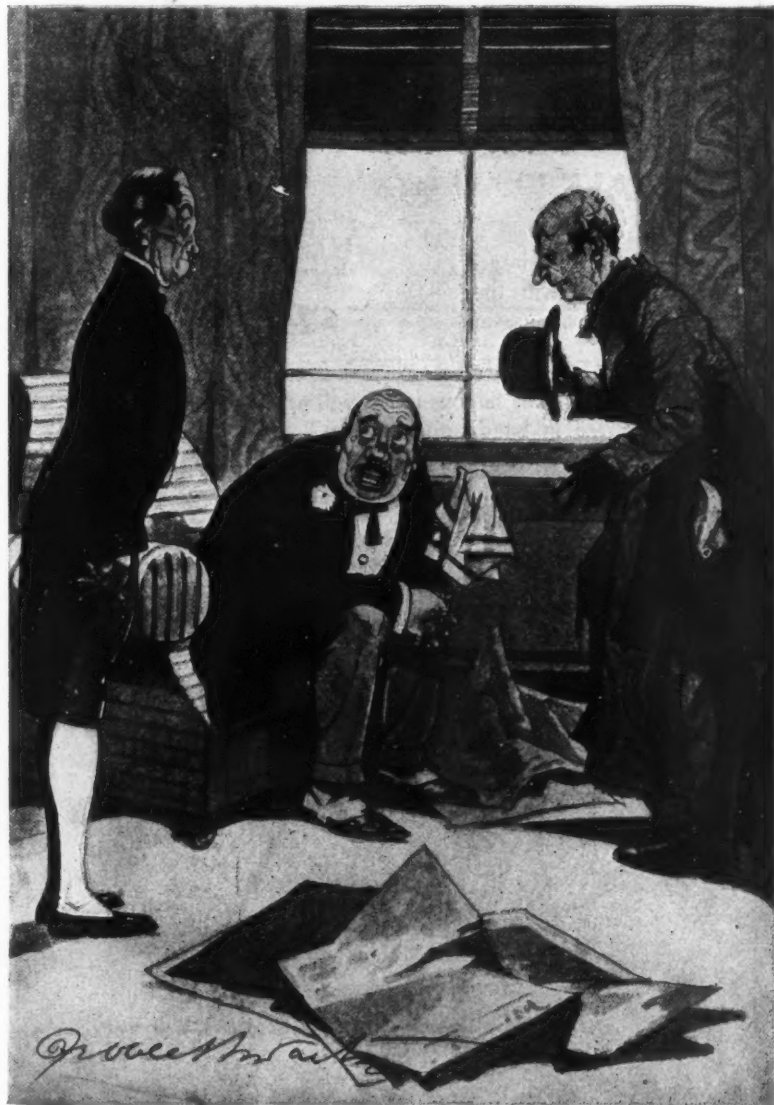
"Nobody ain't, yet," Jim answered. "But I've been on a bust for the last three days, and now I'm on my way home to the old woman."—*Globe-Democrat*.



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and a Flavor more **satisfy-**
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describe, are Blatz exclusive
characteristics—so declare
those who really appreciate
character and quality in
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VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE
ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE OR BUFFET
INSIST ON "BLATZ"
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THE HEART-BREAKER.

GOLDBERG (who has just heard a most pitiful tale from an old school chum who has asked him for a small loan).—Throw him out, James; he's broken my heart.—*The Tatler*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is
made more delightful and healthful. Sample by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Take PUCK and Laugh !!

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Come-On!**

He's come on to
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Rheims, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

NINE TOO MANY.

Subconsciously Percy noted that papa's shoes were of terrible thickness, and numbered at least eleven.—*Harper's Magazine.*

It's a mistake to marry into a centipede's family.—*Punch.*

QUITE ENOUGH.

"Oh sir, will you please come at once. There's three brutes jumping on a poor organ-grinder."

"Is he a big organ-grinder?" queried the old gentleman calmly.

"No no, sir, quite a little man. Oh, come at once, or it will be too late!"

"I don't see why I should interfere," replied the old gentleman. "If he's a small man the three men don't need any help."—*Tit-Bits.*

SURE!

"What good did you do your constituents during your term?"

"Well, I did some of them mighty good."

It was not until later that it dawned upon us that our language is very subtle.—*Exchange.*

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Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves:
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Stomach Disorders,
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CONSTIPATION

AT ALL DRUGGISTS



"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"A health to our sweethearts, our friends and our wives,
And may fortune smile on them
the rest of their lives."

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II.
THE LADY.—I marvel at your art, Mr. Smearsky. I am more than satisfied.



III.
"Here—please accept with my best thanks your well-earned fee of five hundred marks."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

CRUEL COMEBACK.

"I'm doing my best to get ahead," asserted Chollie.
"Well, heaven knows you need one," assented Dollie.—*Toledo Blade.*



CHIVALROUS PARTY.—'Old yer bloomin' rah, an' give the old geyser a charnst, cawn't yer?

PERFORMER (tearfully).—Thank ye, sir. (Sniff.) Ye're the only gentleman in the 'ouse.—*Punch*.

"I. W. HARPER"

Whiskey

RICH AS CREAM PALATABLE DELICIOUS

"ON EVERY TONGUE."

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ROGERS'S BENEFIT.

Two chorus girls, living in a New York hotel, awoke about the same time one morning and one of them went to the door to get the morning paper.

"What's the news, Mayme?" asked the one who had remained in bed.

The other glanced at the headlines. "H. H. Rogers is dead," she announced.

"Great Scott!" said the one in bed, "another benefit!"—*Saturday Eve. Post*.



IV.

"My heavens! What is that!"

—*Lustige Woche*.

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

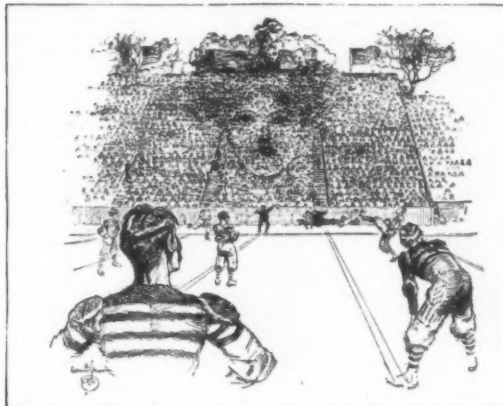
Like its name, smooth, pleasant and satisfying.

10 cents
At all dealers

PERHAPS SHE WEARS STRAPS.
When lovely woman—Peg or Polly—
In hobble skirt provokes our jeers—
When lovely woman stoops to folly
I wonder if she "interferes."
—*Chicago Tribune*.

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AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.
By Gordon Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

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YOUR risk of loss by fire should be reduced to a minimum by telling your agent that you want a policy in a company that, in a hundred years, has never failed to pay a loss. That company is the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company**. Cut out this coupon, sign your name and send it to the agent or broker who places your insurance. It will be notice to him that when your insurance expires you want him to get you a policy in the **Hartford**.

When my insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the **HARTFORD**.



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Address _____

MOONEY'S HELPMEET.

SOMETIMES, when I see fellys sellin' goods from off a cairt,
I'm afther mindin' Mooney and the way he got his shtairt;
And though to shpake about the mon and his succiss in life
Is talkin' liss of Mooney than it is of Mooney's wife,
I'll tell you how it happened. It was twenty years ago,
Befure the pushcairts got as thick as flakes of flyin' shnow,
And whin the chafe locality fer thim to congregathe,
As you may ricollect, was down in lower Fulton Sthrate.



Well, Mooney he was out of wor-rk, and iv'ry cint was shpint,
Barrin' only a shmall thrifle he hild back ferninst the rint;
And bein' not long married, and wid little shtuff to hock,
The toime was comin', Mooney thought, for droppin' off the dock.
But Mrs. Mooney she pipes up. Says she: "Let's make or break;
Invist the money saved for rint—it may be no mistake.
I'll guarantay we'll get it back, and gain enough to ate—
Shtairt up a pushecart business down in lower Fulton Sthrate."



So Mooney bought some jewelry of an inixpensive class—
The koinde of diamonds that are made of bits of windy glass.
He got a cairt, and shquered the cop, and havin' things well fixed
He shtood beside the curbsstone and was wonderin' what nixt.
Whin who but Mrs. Mooney should come pushin' through the crowd,
And, actin' like a total shtanger, shtops, and shpakes up loud:
"Why, here is somethin' foine," says she. "This jewelry is great!
Thim things belong in Maiden Lane, inshtead of Fulton Sthrate!"

Sure, folk are loike a lot of shape—she'd walk around the block,
And iv'ry twenty minutes she'd bring up a brand-new flock.
She showed hersilf as shairp of eye as anny bunco shairk
In mindin' whin she talked to shtand beside some aisy mairk.
She'd buy a brooch, and praise it up, and coolly walk away,
And faith, the folk were crowdin' 'round and buyin' all the day.
She acted it so sarious, and looked so nice and nate,
That Mooney sold his windy glass to half of Fulton Sthrate!



Bedad, that was his shtairt in life, his turnin'-point of luck.
He shook the jewelry business soon and bought a horse and thruck;
From thruckin' to contrhactin'—you can aisy guess the rist—
As annywan will tell yez now, he ranks among the bist.
But none the liss, for all he's gained, his wife he has to thank.
She's kipt his books, and thrun his bluffs, and been his savin'-bank.
Her jewels now are ginuine, his horses haired to bate—
They say the mon has property in lower Fulton Sthrate!

But Mrs. Mooney, though she's older, faith, she's jusst the same,
She's ready anny toime of day for anny koinde of game.
For inshtance, Mooney tells me that wan night not long ago
He sees she's wearin' doiamonds that he did n't seem to know.
"How now?" says Mooney, "somethin' new?—thim must have cosht a pile!"
She comes and shtands beside him, wid a quiet sort of shmile—
"I put thim on for fun," says she, "they're nothin' new, me swate,
I bought thim off you years ago in lower Fulton Sthrate!"

H. A. Crowell.